

Familiarity

by tastewithouttalent

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Summary: "It comes back. It all comes back, faster than it should, more easily than it should, without thinking and almost without effort." Asahi finds that history is easy to repeat.

Familiarity

Asahi doesn't have any expectations.

He knows what he did. Whether it was the right decision or not is something he and Nishinoya will probably never agree on, but ultimately the fact remains that he abandoned the other boy, turned his back on the team and on their friendship and on Nishinoya himself, on the messy complicated beautiful everything they ever had. He is the one who broke that. It has nothing to do with his skill or his lack thereof - Nishinoya himself made that clear even at the beginning, even before Asahi walked away. Nishinoya would have forgiven him anything, wouldn't even acknowledge there is anything to forgive.

But that's the past, and that means it's gone. Not that Asahi has quite accepted that. His dreams are more often than not about volleyball, about playing again or losing again, about Nishinoya forgiving him or shaking him, kissing him or glaring at him, and he still hasn't decided which version he prefers. One is easier to wake from, but both linger with him all day like a mental haze of a history he can't quite escape from.

He doesn't have time to make a decision, when it does happen. He's been thinking about it for days, the possibility of coming back and the weight of the regrets that have become a burden so regular it is almost a comfort, and then he's being dragged in and suddenly he's back on the court, almost-familiarity making his feet sticky and slow with memories.

It comes back. It all comes back, faster than it should, more _easily_ than it should, without thinking and almost without effort. Nishinoya at his back, and Suga at his side, and it's all reflex and habit and memory that he acts on before the regret and indecision and self-consciousness have a chance to freeze his blood to syrup.

Nishinoya catches him afterward. Asahi has no expectations, has been trying _very hard_ to have no expectations, but when he hears the other boy's voice calling his name he stops, and has to shut his eyes under the wave of relief that crashes over him, because he could avoid expectations but he hasn't quite mastered crushing out hope yet.

"Asahi," Nishinoya gasps as he jogs up to the taller boy. He's flushed and bruised and _alive_, here and real and present and Asahi very suddenly can't handle it, can't speak and can't move and can't think at all.

Nishinoya doesn't wait for him to recover. A hand curls around his wrist, fingers fit themselves into his hand, and Asahi has to shut his eyes against the sudden threat of tears. It wasn't supposed to be this easy. Nishinoya was supposed to be angry, or bitter, or show _something_ other than the easy acceptance that he is, as if Asahi has barely left, as if their fight in the storage room never happened at all.

Asahi's eyes are still shut when the fingers close on his jacket, and the pull is so fast and so sharp that he's giving in to it before the possibility of resistance ever crosses his mind. He does get his eyes open, just barely, so he sees a flicker of the determination written clear in Nishinoya's gold eyes and steady mouth before he's jerked down to the smaller boy's eye-level.

Nishinoya's mouth is against his before Asahi has a chance to process. It's just like the game was - familiarity hits his reflexes like electricity, he's moving before he thinks about it. His hands are in Nishinoya's hair, Nishinoya is biting at his lip like he always did, like he always _does_, pulling Asahi down so the difference in their heights vanishes in the warmth of Nishinoya's mouth.

It's not been nearly long enough when Nishinoya pulls away. Asahi barely lets him go; his fingers are still curled into dark hair and his grip is going desperate, but that's okay, Nishinoya's hold on Asahi's jacket isn't particularly gentle either.

"I need you here," Nishinoya says bluntly, the word clear and steady in spite of the heat flushing his cheeks and the damp clinging to his lips. "Don't leave again."

Nishinoya might be coherent but Asahi has nothing, no words and no resistance and no argument. He nods, short and quick, and Nishinoya smiles like he's won every game at once, and comes back in to kiss him again.

End
file.